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Choice Poetry.

THE NATION'S HOPE.

The age grows mean and tame—
Corruption breathes away;
No longer Freedom's flame
In the olden day.
The One-Man power usurps the throne,
And dictates unto all;
While craven spirits bend the knee
Or in prostration fall.
Is this the land so famed,
For which our Fathers bled?
And these the men they thought would live
When they themselves were dead?
The Charter of our Freedom broke—
Truth's champion's stricken down—
A stronger government invoked
Upon the land of frown!

Our hope alone remains to cheer—
Bring up, bring up the chert!
The lines are plain that point the course
Through which the ship must dart.
The lamp of our fathers' guide—
The lamp our fathers gave,
Will light us through the thickening gloom
And our dear country save!

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With Heaven's own light the sculptor's shone,
He had caught the angel vision.
Sculptor's of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us—
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it there on that yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Downward sinks the setting sun,
Soft the evening shadows fall;
Light is flying,
Day is dying,
Darkness steals o'er all.
Good-night!
Autumn gathers in her stores—
Hastens on the fading year;
Leaves are dying,
Winds are sighing,
Whispering of the winter near.
Good-night!
Youth is vanished, manhood wanes,
Age its forward shadow throws;
Day is dying,
Years are flying,
Life runs onward to its close.
Good-night!

Wit and Wisdom.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, BY GRANTVILLE M. PEPPE.

WORDS are but the froth or offspring of thoughts.

To send a girl is amiable, treat her dress in a hall room.

The fellow who picked up a living has become round shouldered.

"Away with melancholy" as the school boy said when the teacher died.

It is an art gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no winter of age can freeze it.

Paddy Magee says it is very nice "to be all alone; especially if there is somebody with you."

Is a beautiful young lady hide you not be dependent, and tells you to take heart, she doesn't mean that you should take hers.

A keeper of a saloon, advertising his establishment, thus concludes: "Those of my patrons who may require it, shall be sent home on a wheelbarrow, gratis."

An Irishman illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it.

TEDDY O'BRIEN, at Gettysburg, bowed his head to a cannon ball, which whizzed past, one inch above his head. "Faith," says Ted, "a fellow never loses anything by being polite!"

By six qualities may a fool be known—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wasting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

"Honest Old Abe," when the war first began, Denied Old Abe was part of his plan.

Honest Old Abe has since made a decree, That war must go on till ourselves are free.

As both sides are honest, will some one tell how, If honest Abe then, is he honest Abe now?"

On GAZAR! thou art classed among the depressed passions. And true it is that thou humbly to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds. Thou shakest us with the ague, but also thou steadiest like frost. Thou sickenest the heart, but also thou hastenest its infirmities.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage.

GRANT AND RELIGION.—I do not speak lightly when I say that all works of intellect which have not in some measure been quickened by religion are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre when it dignifies itself from the Universal Mind. Religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles in giving a free and manifold action to the mind.—[Chateaubriand.]

In our last issue we submitted a puzzle to the young ladies, any one of whom could solve the same should have the "privilege" of naming the "devil." Imagine our surprise and horror when, on last Thursday, we were visited upon by a female "American" of African descent, who wished to see the "foretold" devil. We were not the "devil," we were, oh, no—but we might have been the "foretold" devil.

The Wall of the Workmen.

On Thursday evening of last week the home of the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington became for a few hours the cynosure of all eyes. Carriage after carriage thundered up to its doorway blinding with light, and from each in its turn emerged, its fairy freight of grace and beauty, cloud after cloud of "silk and satin," miracles evoked by woman's taste and woman's toil from the looms of a hundred lands.

To one who watched that gay and gorgeous scene, how bright beyond even the optimistic dreams of Mr. Secretary Seward must the state and hope of the Republic have seemed! The daughter of the magician who has filled the land with green and growing promises to pay, was that night wedded to a Senator whose name should be the synonym of prosperous "patriotism." Since the marriage of Aladdin with the Princess Badourah no such happy fulfillment of opulence, woven from air and heaped up by Djinn as potent as impalpable, hath been seen. Wealth and power were striking hands; and the soul of Jenkins swelled within him as he passed in glittering review the splendid tribute which these conjoined divinities of his heart's adoration were bringing to the shrine of youth and beauty. Let not Jenkins be flattered; nor let one harsh thought be breathed upon that brilliant bridal hour.

But the jewels and the flowers, the diamonds and the laces, which turned the night to fragrant day on that fair festival, rose and fell to the pulses of woman's hearts. The scene itself wore but an empty pageant or worse, save for the sanctity which the soul of womanhood sheds over the wedding feast and the wedding garments. And wherever in all the land a woman's eyes are resting with natural and commendable delight upon the fascinating details of costumes incomprehensible to the masculine mind, of jewels bright as the stars, and embroideries delicate as the frolic frost upon the forest trees of winter, we ask that woman's heart and soul to turn with us for a moment to another scene which marked that night of Thursday in another city of the great Republic. In a hall in the Bowery of New York there are gathered together hundreds of girls. It is no bridal festival which they are celebrating. Hunger is in their eyes; their hands are worn and hard with ceaseless labor; their cheeks are wan with care and disappointment and despair. No music flatters this sad and eager throng into delicious dreams; no flowers wreath for them the gauzy realities of daily life, with whispers of love, and hope, and happiness to come. To them the "cup has been dealt in quite another measure." To them life means simply living; the fierce, relentless, unrelenting effort to clutch with those thin, frail fingers, the scanty bread of every day from the world that whirls about and above them, noisy, clamorous, heedless of them and theirs. These are no daughters of the Treasury, no brides of the Senate. These are the daughters of the people; the patient, sad-eyed daughters of labor and of suffering. Like the proudest and fairest in the land, they, too, lead their womanly life in seclusion from the public eye. Year after year they work on uncomplaining, unheard of, asking only to be suffered to keep body and soul together in such wise that the body's life may not be purchased by the soul's death. Content to know as little of diamonds as of the stars, of laces as of the clouds, if they can but save an aged mother, a helpless father, an orphaned household of brothers and sisters from the wolf that prowls forever about the door.

The proud and the fair emerge from the sumptuous privacy of home for a brief moment at the summons of pleasure, and happiness, and love. These emerge from their privacy, as dear for all its poverty, at quite another summons. They come before us, not that we may admire the splendors of their trousseaux, but that we may measure the depth of their despair. The prosperous land which lavishes upon the Princess Badourah its fifty thousand dollars' worth of magnificent paraphernalia, deals out to these sisters of hers an average income of two dollars per week. Once they lived upon this pittance and made no sign; wringing from it house-rent, clothing, fire in winter, food in health where health was a kind of sickness; medicine in sickness where sickness revealed the one sure hope of rest. But the wand of the magician has smitten their dollars, and whither them, and they must cry out: "their agony or peril."

Shall not their cry be heeded?

It is not possible, is it, that women and men of woman born can look this fact in the face and sleep upon it; that here, in the chief city of this mighty nation, hundreds and thousands of women are working life away, twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day; putting their youth, their strength, their very heart's blood into the service of our commerce and our comforts, at such rates of pay as in the present condition of our national finances make a mockery of the Scriptural saying that the wages of sin is death, seeing that something more pitiful than death is thereby made the wages of honesty, patience and virtue, and that every countenance instinct of human nature is thereby enlisted in aid of sin and its temptations!

Years ago all England was stirred to its inmost heart by Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and the world has never ceased to fling that terrible refrain in the face of British opulence and power. We at least can do so longer. The cry of our own women is ringing in our ears, and will go out upon the western wind over Christendom. It is a cry of suffering

to-day. How long ere it will be a cry of crime and shame if we be deaf to the appeals! How the appeal shall be answered the will to answer it shall reveal. To doubt that it would be indeed to despair of the Republic, if not of the race.—N. Y. World, 186A.

Winter and the Poor.

A contemporary says:—"Heaven help the poor this winter! The inflation of the currency just begins to be felt in every avenue of business. Everything is on the rise—calicoes, muslins, woollens, wood, coal, beef, potatoes, flour, rents, etc. They all feel the hectic flush which 'greenbacks' impart." It is all very well to call on Heaven to help the poor, but while nearly all of "Christ's vicegerents on earth" are loud and long in their clamors for war and the distress and sufferings thereof, little hope may be entertained of Divine assistance; presuming that the Abolition war resolutions of many "Religious" associations express the will of the Almighty in regard to American affairs. We fear that in the great ministerial and religious thirst after warlike and political knowledge, that crippled veterans will have to beg alms at the street corners of the cities for another year while department clerks make out their pension papers, and soldiers' widows will be forced to continue their wanderings through the rural districts in search of sewing whereby to support the lives of fatherless children. We fear the poor will find little commiseration for their sufferings in the madness of the times. Sympathy for soldiers is greater than for their families. Military suffering excites a feeling that the domestic woes and privations of civil life fail to touch. We fear that unless heaven does help the poor, no other power can be found which will.

Taking the Clock to Pieces.

Artimus Ward related that once, when hard pressed for something to eat, and without a cent in his pocket, he stopped at a farm-house, and pretending to understand clock mending, took the farmer's clock to pieces, ate his dinner, and then, not knowing how to put it together again, complained of dizziness, took a walk into the open air, and forgot to return. In continuation of his narrative he says: "Those politicians who went to work to take the Union clock to pieces to get their dinners, never meant to put it together again. They have stolen their dinner but they will not restore the clock."

How true this is. The miserable bangles have taken the Union clock to pieces and now, if they would, could not put it together again in as good running order as they found it. But they do not even wish to do it—they make no effort. They were in a hurry to work the mischief—they are in none to try to repair it. It was easy work to take out the pins and screws and separate the parts. Two years ago, says the Buffalo Courier, the politicians North and South had a jubilee time together at the old clock. They could not do their infernal work quick enough. "Without a little blood-letting," said Zack Chandler, of Michigan. "This Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a curse." "Let the Union slide," said others of the black-hearted gang. And those who foresaw the consequences of their perfidious efforts, were "weak, wachusany Union-savers," of whom Massachusetts Wilson said scoldingly. "This sitting up with the Union does not pay expenses." And so, piece by piece, wheel by wheel, they took the Union clock to pieces. The Southern rebels who took part in the operation have made nothing by it, but the Northern disunionists, including office-holders of all grades, civil and military, contractors, &c., are now "dining" gluttonously at the nation's expense. And the country has the broken, disjointed "clock" under its hands, which the radical quacks in clock-mending never meant, and never mean to put together again. And, strange as it may seem, the only "loyal" and "unconditional Union" men now in the country are bogus clock-menders.—Patriot and Union.

Grain Producent Chicago.

The receipts of flour and grain at Chicago during the past two months have been enormous—amounting to 6,987,491 bushels wheat—showing an increase over the receipts during the same time last year of 1,097,428 bushels. The receipts of corn show a large decrease, the entire receipts for September and October being only 3,917,513 bushels, against 7,630,042 bushels last year. This decrease is the result of the early frost, but does not fairly represent the extent of damage, we think; as the growers have held back their supplies for higher prices, which is usually the case in times of excitement in the market, when prices rapidly advance.

There are no shipments of grain from New York to Europe on war orders, because prices are lower on the other side of the Atlantic than they are here.

Printing Paper.

The price of printing paper has again advanced. Newspapers are now paying over one hundred and fifty per cent. more for paper than formerly. If this advance continues, (and we see no prospect of anything else) it will be absolutely necessary to raise the price of subscription. No articles have increased more in price than those used by newspapers, and readers must expect to pay at least enough to prevent absolute loss to the publishers.

A monument to Fulton is about to be erected in Trinity Church yard. This is tardy justice.

Women and the War.

The Chicago Journal does justice to women, and justice only, in the following well chosen words:

While the newspapers of the day have been filled to overflowing with praises sung over the brave deeds of men on the battlefield and elsewhere, little has been said or sung of women, her self-sacrifices, her devotion to the Union, and the losses she has been compelled to undergo.

Man, upon the battle-field, dies like the flash of the gun, and is immortalized. Woman remains at home to watch, and wait, and weep. It is a sharp, short pang and all is over with man. He goes to claim his reward. It is a life-time of mournful remembrance to woman, a ceaseless lament over that fate against which she was helpless.

No one ever blamed Venus for loving Mars, and we take it, it comes as natural for a woman to love a soldier as to breathe. Consequently we hear of women as viragoes, of women accompanying their husbands, of maids arraying themselves in the rough masculine garb of war that they may follow their lovers, of women hovering like ministering angels about the beds of dying soldiers, of Sisters of Charity and Florence Nightingales.

Woman has now been tested. The raid against them must forever cease. Cyclus must no longer question woman's usefulness, regard her as a painted butterfly or pretty toy, mourning the loss of a lap dog, an ill fitting dress or the disappointment of a milliner. It has remained for this goodly year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, inaugurating brave words and deeds, to witness the rushing of the legions of liberty, and to ignite in woman's breast the fire and enthusiasm, the brave emotions and generous heroism which have lain dormant since the days of Molly Starke.

Fine ladyism, with its ennui, rendering life tedious as a twice told tale, has developed into an active, patriotic vitality, and woman has now found that "sphere" about which so much needless twaddle has been expended in this nineteenth century. Woman soothing the grief she cannot dispel; woman, the good Samaritan, pouring oil into the wounds she cannot heal; woman, during the horrors of the battle-field to save and succor; woman, administering sweet kindness to men in sickness and sorrow; woman, speaking brave words to the fainting woman, closing the eyes of the dying to their last sleep; woman, with willing fingers and weary feet at the sewing machine, preparing the equipments of grim visaged war; woman, at home, bidding God speed to husband, brother and son in the cause of liberty; thus we find her. Woman gives up the only thing which links her to the world.—Can she give up more? Thus it is that the days of Cornelia and the Spartan mother are restored.

Death of John Randolph.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was near his end. Dr. — was sitting by the table, and his man John sitting by the bed, in perfect silence, when he closed his eyes, and for a few moments seemed, by his hard breathing, to be asleep. But, as the sequel proved, it was the intense working of his mind. Opening his keen eyes upon the doctor, he said, sharply, "remorse,"—soon afterward more emphatically, "REMORSE,"—presently, at the top of his strength, he cried out, "REMORSE!" He then added, "Let me see the word." The doctor, not comprehending his desire, made no reply. Randolph then said to him with great energy, "Let me see the word; show it me in a dictionary." The doctor looked around and told him he believed there was none in the room. "Write it, then," said Randolph. The doctor perceiving one of Randolph's engraved cards lying on the table, wrote the word in pencil under the printed name, and handed it to Randolph. He seized it, and holding it up to his eyes with great earnestness, seemed much agitated. After a few seconds, he handed back the card, saying, "Write it on the other side."

The doctor did so, in large letters. He took it again, and after gazing upon it a few seconds, returned it, and said, "Lend John your pencil, and let him put a stroke under it." John took the pencil and did so, leaving it on the table. "Ah! said the dying man, "Remorse, you don't know what it means!" But added presently, "I cast myself on the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy."

Military Necessity.

Necessity is the plea of tyrants, and if our Constitution ceases to operate, the moment a person charged with its observance thinks there is a necessity to violate it, it is of little use. We are fighting to maintain the Constitution, and it especially becomes us in appealing to the people to come to its rescue, not to violate it ourselves. How are we better than the rebels, if both alike set at naught the Constitution.—Senator Trumbull, (Rep.)

Go to War!

We insist on it, that every man in Jackson county who voted for Brough should go immediately to war. Do not wait to be drafted. In voting for Brough they voted for war, and they are COWARDS if they don't go. Will they go?—Jackson (O.) Express.

The above is applicable to this locality as well.

"What do you ask for, that article?" inquired Obadiah of a young Miss S.— "Fifteen shillings," was the reply. "Ain't you a little dear?" asked Obadiah. "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

The Tramping "Type."

Among the numerous class of floating journeymen, there are none deserving of more real sympathy than the poor, unfortunate followers of Faust. Like the "Wandering Jew," he is always on the go—on foot—for he won't risk being ejected at the next station. Then, his knowledge of foot-back allows him to appreciate more fully that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." His baggage needs no checking—for, as a general rule, his wardrobe is slim, and taints every person one can trust these hard times. Jogging along leisurely, almost without hope, he thinks of his palmy days when at home; night was welcome, then, but the approaching darkness has no charms for the weary traveler who is in vain looking for some neighboring barn, where he might rest his eyes in "sweet refreshing sleep." All looks dreary around, but as this is the ninth hundred and ninety-ninth time he has seen the "elephant" in different parts of the country, he resolves to pursue his tramp more vigorously, cheering himself with that little ditty—

"I'll be gay and happy still,"

when, to his surprise he is hailed by a good natured, jolly farmer, who knows he is a printer by the cut of his boots, or rather boot and shoe, and kindly offers the hospitality of his house. It is accepted with a graceful bow, and hanging his hat on the porch floor, is soon partaking of something substantial for the inner man. After supper, the topics of the day are discussed—the farmer gains valuable information from his unfortunate guest, and all retire—the farmer satisfied of having done one good act—the jour, highly pleased with the entertainment and prospect. After a substantial breakfast, he thanks them kindly, bids them good-bye, and resumes his journey—saying "bully for the work, bully for the farmer, bully for his wife, and three or four bullies for his daughter."—Huntington Monitor.

From Orpheus C. Kerr—Habeas Corpus Suspended in Accomac.

The commander of the Mackerel Brigade has caused the following general order No. 79,902, to be published: HEADQUARTERS MACKEREL BRIGADE, September 25, 1863.

The desertion of one of the most light-headed of this brigade, make it necessary to suspend the privilege of the habeas corpus throughout the entire dominion of Accomac. Any person heretofore caught having a body will be imprisoned, and no questions asked. This is intended to apply only to soldiers, military men, officers, citizens generally, and other persons. All others, including women and whisky, are allowed to have as much body as ever, and more too. The quiet of Paris demands that every soldier, his heirs, executors and assigns, also his widows, should go without pay or rations until further notice; as the Paymaster General of the Brigade has been very unlucky at faro of late, it is necessary that he should be allowed to retain sufficient funds to get even.—The enemy are demoralized; once more into the breeches and Sumter and Chattanooga are ours. Plans are forming to establish moral reform societies in all Southern towns except Richmond and Charleston. They don't deserve them. My children, I love you in a short, sharp, decisive way. G. G. LEATHERSKIN, Major General Commanding M. B.

Stonewall Jackson's Admission into Heaven.

I was much amused at the rebel prisoners' account of Stonewall Jackson's admission into Heaven. They were strong admirers of General Jackson, and especially of the great success of his flank movements. "The day after his death," said they, "two angels came down from Heaven to carry General Jackson back with them. They searched all through the camp but they could not find him. They went to the hospital, and to every other place where they thought themselves likely to find him, but in vain. Finally they were forced to return without him. What was their surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement and got into Heaven before them."—Correspondent Boston Courier.

Country Not Large Enough.

A correspondent of a London paper writes: "I have just returned from Germany after a month's knocking about. I had glorious weather, and saw all the little things at Frankfurt. There is a good anecdote of one of them. He wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next kingdom to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!"

"MASSA," said the black steward of a Marblehead captain, as they fell in with a homeward bound vessel, "I wish you'd write me a few lines to send to the old woman, cause I can't write."

"Certainly," said the good natured skipper, taking his writing materials, "now, what shall I say?"

Pompy told the story which he wished his wife to know, which his amensentia faithfully recorded.

"Is that all, Pompy?" asked the captain, preparing to seal the letter.

"Yes, massa," replied he, showing his ivory "Thank you, but 'fore you close him jist say, 'please excuse 'bad spellin' 'n' writin', will ye?"

B. GRANT BROWN, of St. Louis, has been elected United States Senator from Missouri for the short term, and John B. Henderson, for the long term.

A Difficult Question Answered.

"Can any one," says Fanny Fern, "tell me why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time to wait on her?"

We can, easy. Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend "right away, quick, pow!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun had got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching himself out, yawned out, "ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he! He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve, hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over! He never stayed out till 11 o'clock to a "ward meeting," hurrahing for an out and out candidate, and then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled tenpins, and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around groceries, while Eve was rocking little Cane's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did.

The Kind of a Woman that a Bachelor Admires.

If there is a young lady in this place who can come to the standard prescribed below, there is a chance for a matrimonial speculation. A bachelor on being asked why he never married, said he had never found a young lady yet, who possessed the necessary characteristics, and when he did he would marry. He said she must be accomplished, accommodating, active, acute, admirable, affable, adroit, affectionate, agreeable, alert, alluring, ambitious, amiable, ardent, artful, attentive, beautiful, beneficent, benign, benevolent, brave, buoyant, calm, candid, careful, cautious, charitable, charming, chaste, cheerful, cleanly, clever, comely, commendable, compassionate, consistent, courteous, creditable, cunning, decent, delightful, desirable, discerning, discreet, docile, dutiful, elegant, engaging, entertaining, expert, fair, fashionable, faultless, firm, fond, forgiving, free, friendly, frugal, generous, gentle, godly, governable, graceful, grateful, guileless, handy, handsome, happy, honest, honorable, intelligent, interesting, joyful, judicious, just, kind, knowing, lively, lovely, loving, lucky, mannerly, meek, merciful, mild, modest, moral, noble, notable, patient, patriotic, peaceable, placid, pleasant, prudent, punctual, pure, quick, quiet, reasonable, reputable, respectable, respectful, sedate, spirited, spunky, tasty, teachable, thoughtful, tractable, true, trusty, truthful, virtuous, vivacious, watchful, wise, witty, well-formed, and young.

How to Court in Church.

An exchange relates the following experiment resorted to by a young gentleman happening to sit at Church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open with a pin stuck in the following text: Second Epistle of John, verse fifth:—"And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth:—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John:—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, that our joy be full." From the above interview, a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Conscientious Scruples—Drafted Men.

It has been decided by the war Department, that where men who are drafted hold conscientious scruples about paying the commutation or performing military duty, the Provost Marshal shall levy upon the goods or chattels of said individual to the amount of three hundred dollars, and on realizing that amount the drafted man will be released.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

There is a Grave-yard at Chattanooga.

There is a grave-yard at Chattanooga containing the remains of 1,077 rebels, nearly all of whom died from injuries received at the battle of Stone River. Each grave is numbered, and a register is kept at the office of Bragg's Medical Director of the name of every soldier. By ascertaining the number of the grave and referring to the register, the name of the deceased can be found out, and relatives can recover the remains hereafter. This is a very good plan, and ought to be adopted in our own army.

Of the noisy Radicals Frank Blair says he "has never seen one of them bear arms in favor of the Government."

VINEGAR.—This article is one of the most necessary, and yet we rarely find it of good, or even passable quality. By the following receipt, which I have been following for many years, any one may make the article on his own premises.

To eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place in the sun; if in winter near the chimney, where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days add to the liquor a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper, will in this way, form what is called the "mother," or "life of the vinegar."—Germantown Telegraph.

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whisky instead of water. Put both together in a bottle; cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and it is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirits by evaporation. A strong solution of bisulphate made in the same manner, is a very excellent cement for leather.

How to make the "queen of puddings" is thus told by an exchange: "One pint of nice, delicious, fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoon full of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you may prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. It is second only to ice cream, and for seasons better."

BOILING POTATOES.—Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in. When done, pour off the water, and scatter three or four table spoonfuls of salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. Watery potatoes are made messy by this process. How simple is the process, yet how few understand it.

A COAL-OIL QUARRY.—At Santa Cruz, in California, there are over a thousand acres covered with a substance resembling asphaltum; from one to ten feet thick, which is in reality a species of petroleum, easily melted, and susceptible of being purified and refined into excellent burning fluid.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN NEBRASKA.—The Democrats have carried the election in Nebraska, electing two thirds of the members of the Council. This, we take it, was an honest expression of honest people, without the interference of Abolition soldiers and Greenbacks.

AN OLD CHATTANOOGIAN.—The Zanesville Courier says an order was sent to that city the other day for a tomb-stone for William Dunbar, late of Watford, Washington county, Ohio, aged one hundred and twelve years. He was an old Revolutionary soldier.

A PARIS BOOKSELLER lately found twenty-six bank notes of one thousand francs each, between the leaves of a book left with him for repairs. The owner bought the book at a bookstall for three sous, and did not know of the treasure.

NEVER risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature, with a stranger or a person who is not well-bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it. By heeding this advice you will save yourself mortification and pain.

MANY of the large trees in the neighborhood of Chattanooga have been burned out, so that now their trunks furnish excellent sentry boxes in wet weather for the lone picket, or headquarters for guard.

We pass for what we are. Character reaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits breath every moment.

In Collinsville, at the Collins company's works, with Edward Lang for helper, L. T. Richardson made from the bar, 10,000 bayonet blades in October, and challenges any man to beat it.

THE number of fire-arms manufactured at Colt's armory in Hartford, during October, averaged one a minute three ten hours of each day in the week, Sundays excepted.

HOW TO TELL.—You may distinguish a city man by two things—his trousers and his gait. The first never fit him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time.

LONGFELLOW beautifully says that "Sunday is the golden class that binds together the volume of the week."

REMEMBER always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

Gen. Fox said: "When the wicked rule, the people mourn."